

GOLD
KEY

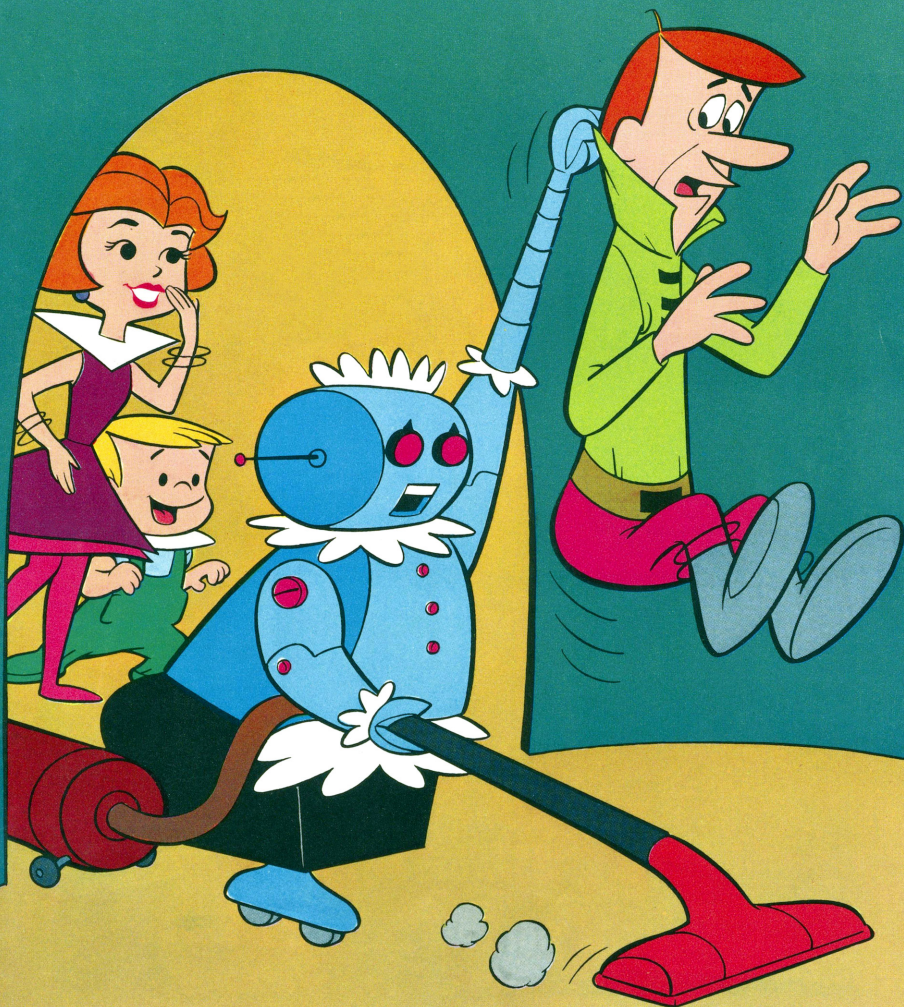
THE JETSONS

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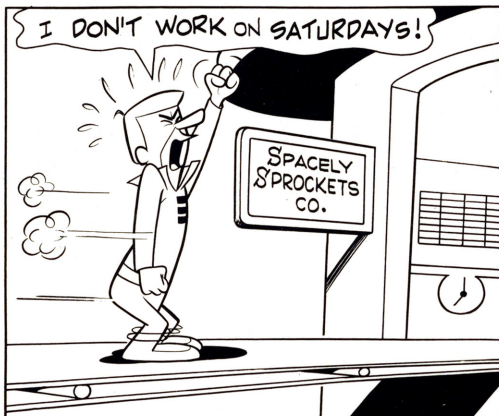
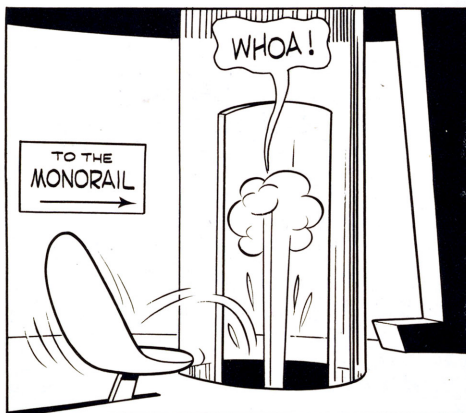
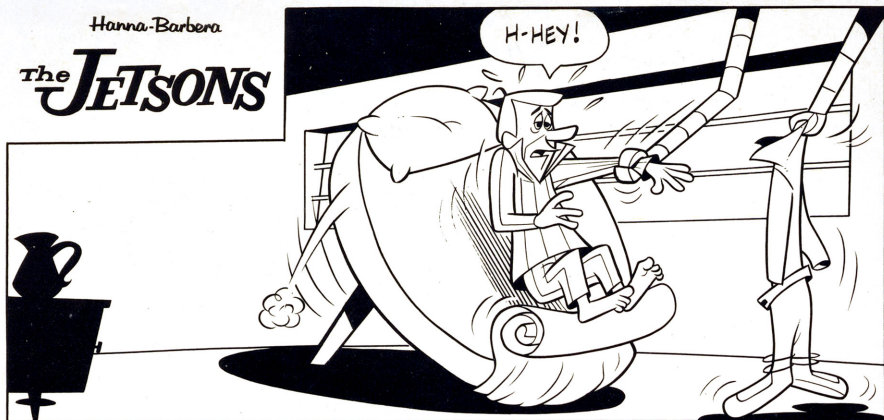
HANNA-BARBERA

The JETSONS

10041-606
JUNE



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The JETSONS



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The JETSONS

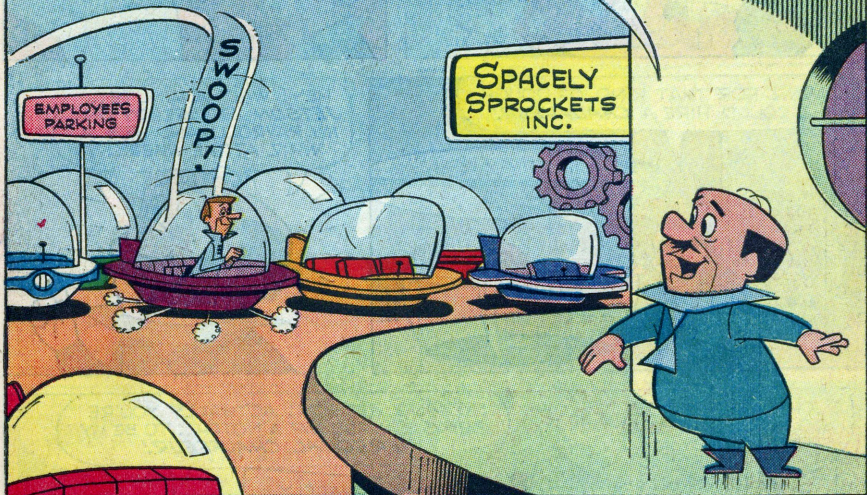
The JET JOCKEY

TIME; 8:15 MONDAY
MORNING. PLACE;
SPACELY SPROCKETS,
INC., PARKING LOT.

LOOK AT THAT GEORGE JETSON
SIDESLIP HIS SPACE CAR INTO
THAT LITTLE PARKING PLACE...
SLICK AS A WHISTLE!

SPACELY
SPROCKETS
INC.

EMPLOYERS
PARKING



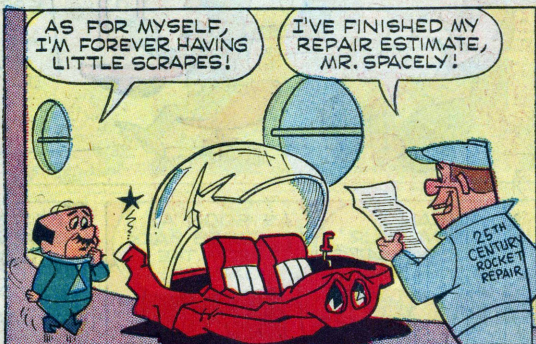
HE JUST SEEMS TO
HAVE A NATURAL KNACK
FOR JET JOCKEYING!



10041-606
JETSONS 92-445

AS FOR MYSELF,
I'M FOREVER HAVING
LITTLE SCRAPER!

I'VE FINISHED MY
REPAIR ESTIMATE,
MR. SPACELY!

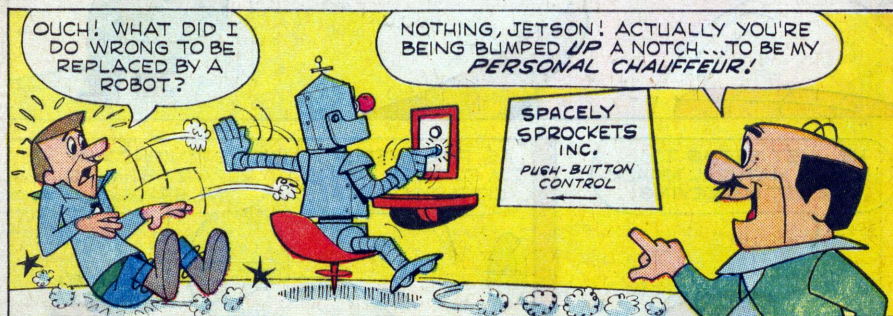
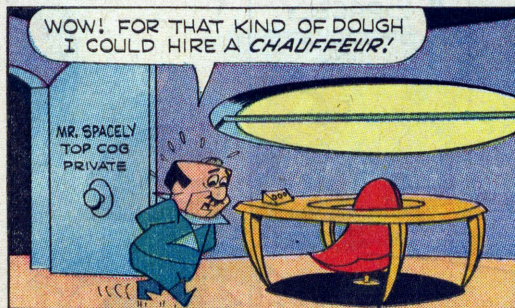
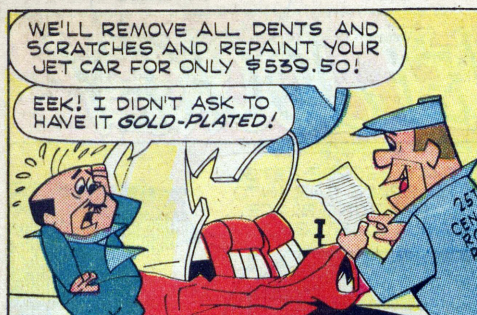


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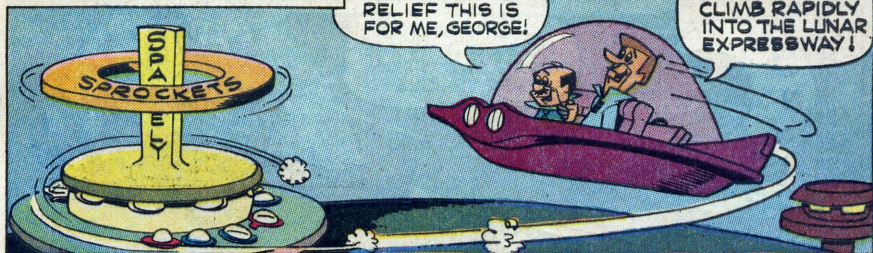
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AND SO, BRIGHT AND EARLY
THE NEXT MORNING...

YOU HAVE NO
IDEA WHAT A
RELIEF THIS IS
FOR ME, GEORGE!

HOLD ON, SIR!
I'M GOING TO
CLIMB RAPIDLY
INTO THE LUNAR
EXPRESSWAY!

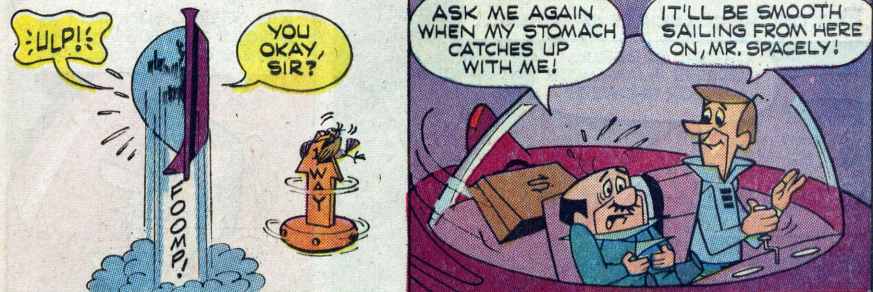


UPL!

YOU
OKAY,
SIR?

ASK ME AGAIN
WHEN MY STOMACH
CATCHES UP
WITH ME!

IT'LL BE SMOOTH
SAILING FROM HERE
ON, MR. SPACELY!



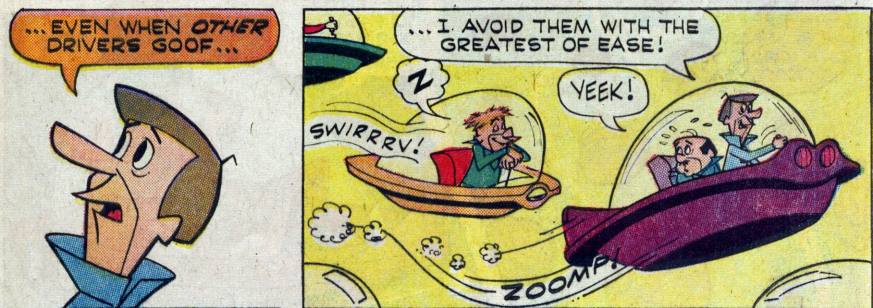
HEH! IT'S AMAZING HOW YOU CAN AVOID
COLLISIONS IN THIS HEAVY TRAFFIC! IF I
WERE DRIVING I'D HAVE \$50 WORTH
OF DENTS ALREADY!

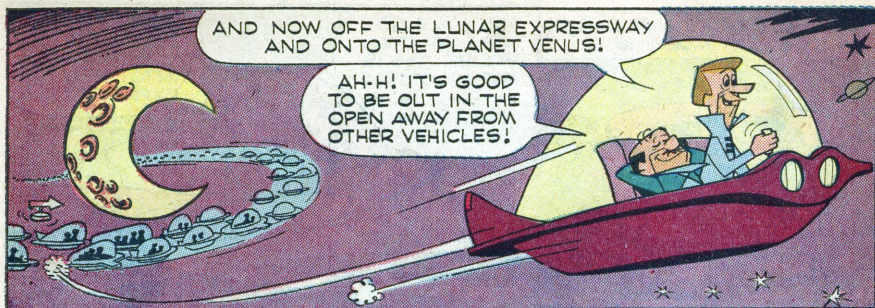
JOCKEYING JETS
IS SECOND NATURE
FOR ME!



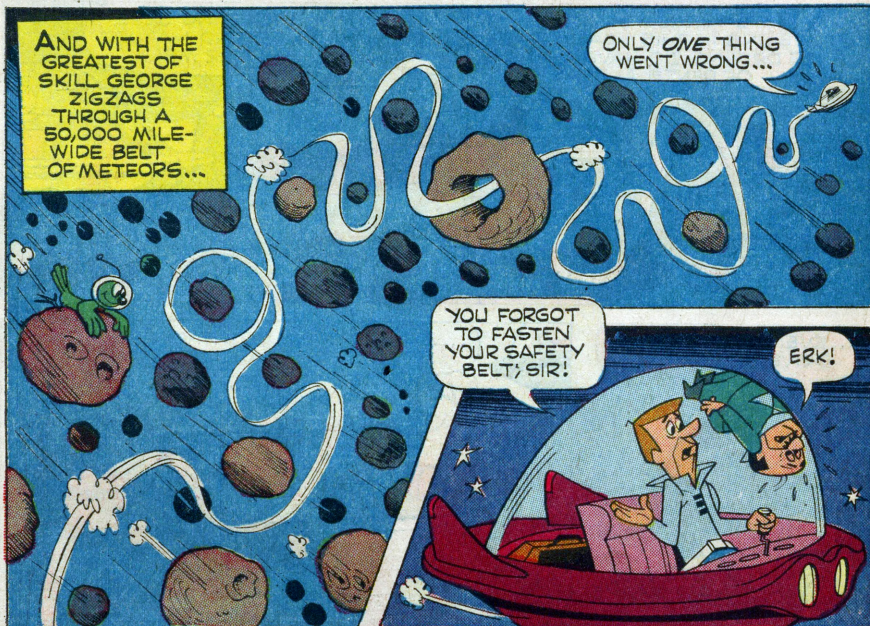
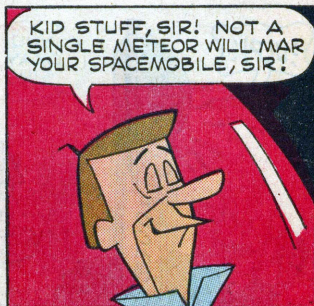
...EVEN WHEN OTHER
DRIVERS GOOF...

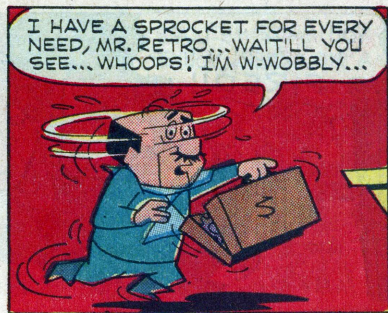
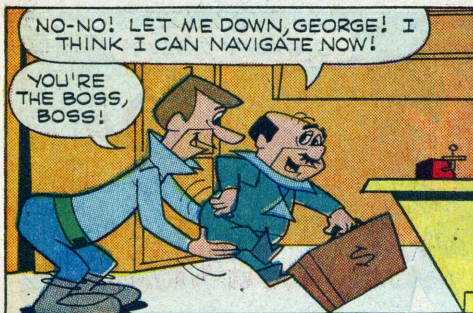
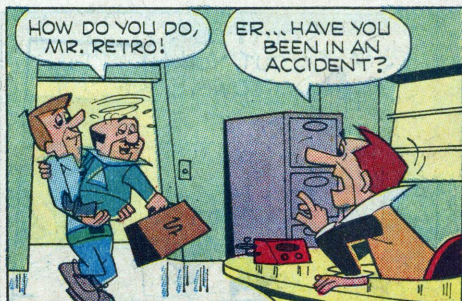
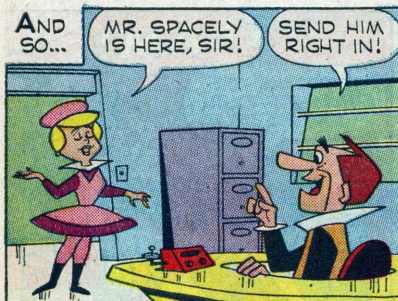
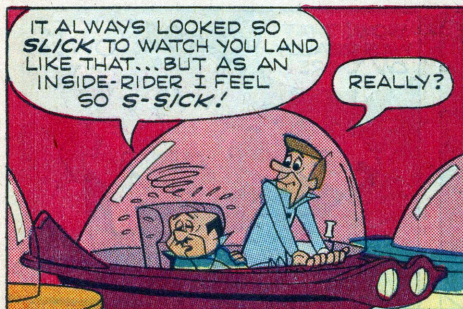
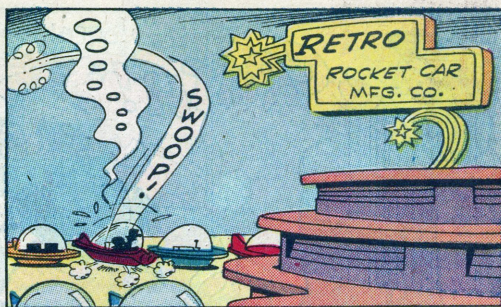
...I. AVOID THEM WITH THE
GREATEST OF EASE!

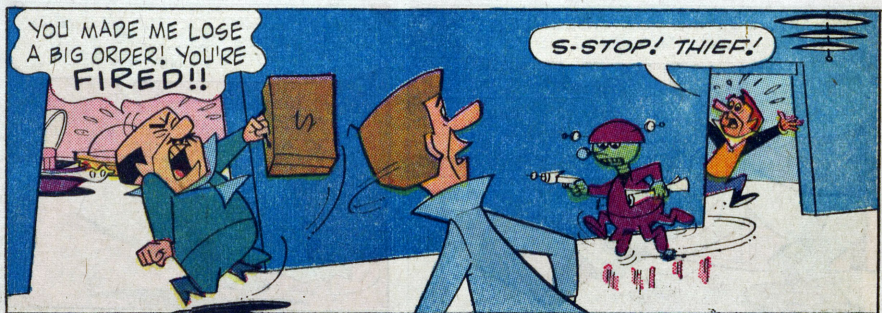
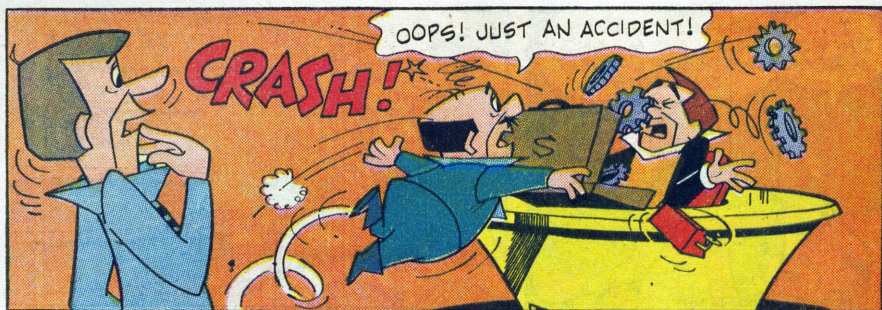


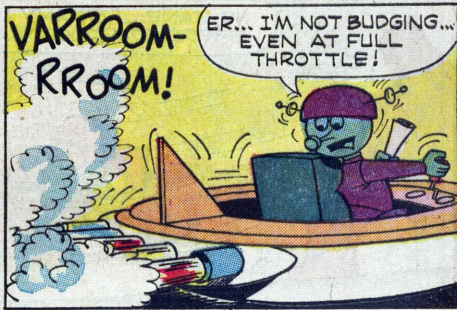
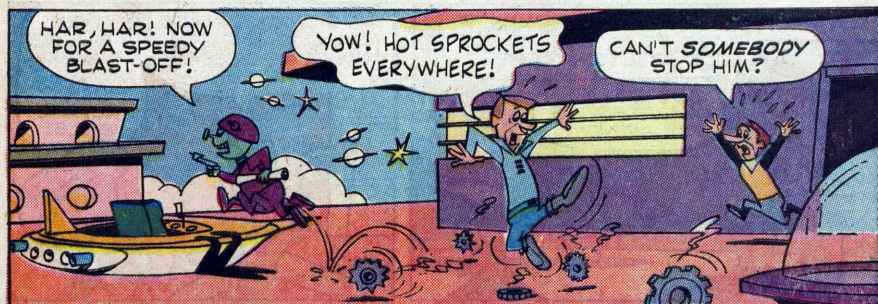
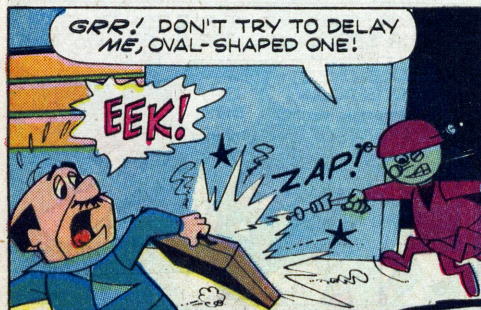
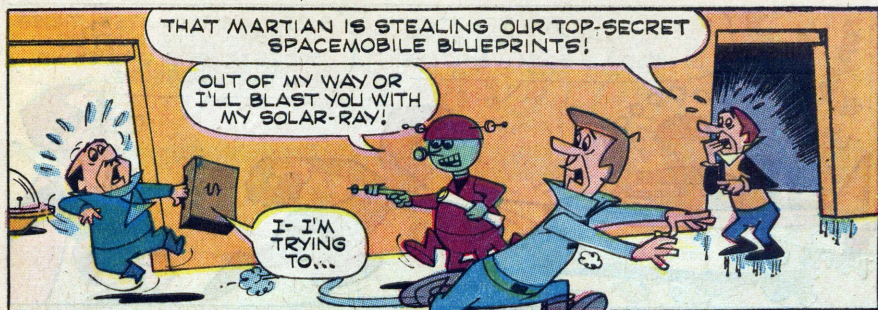


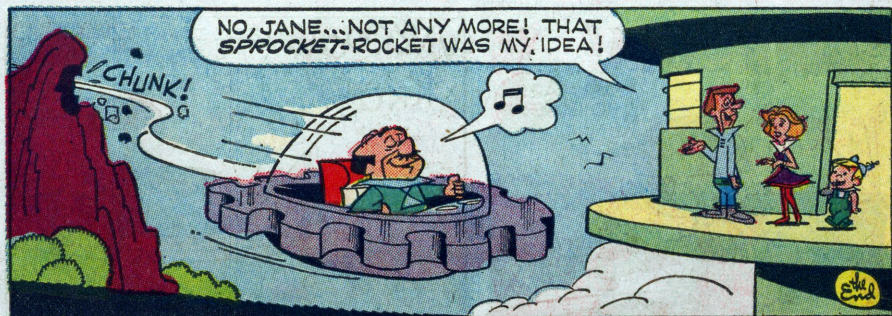
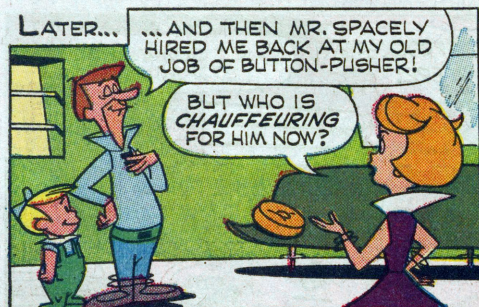
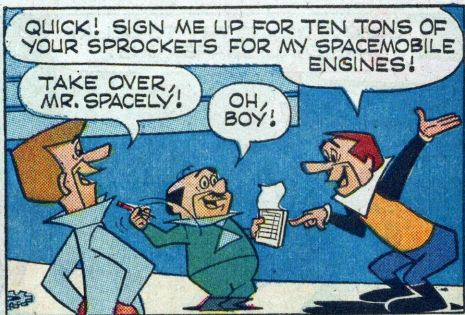
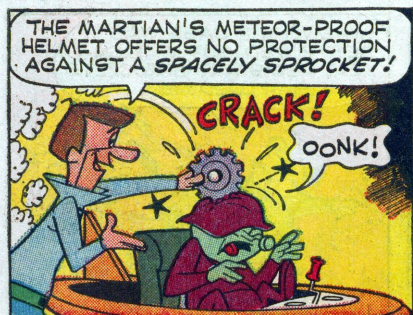
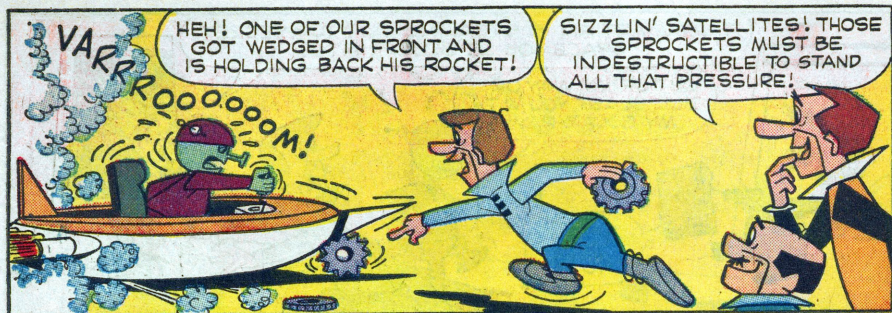
BUT ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF VENUS...







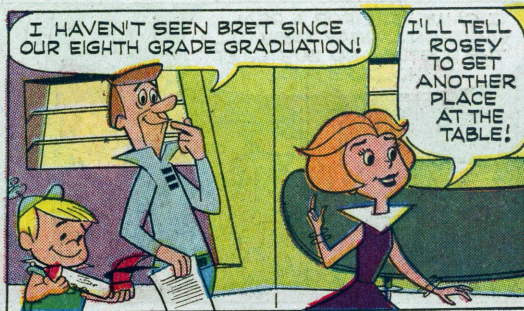


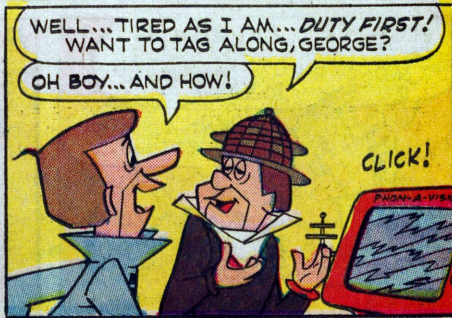
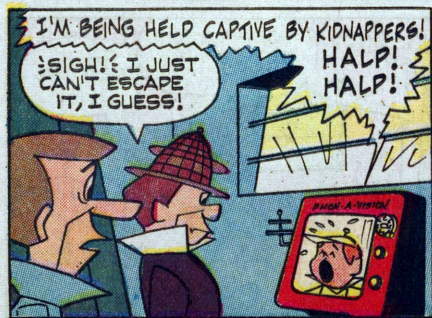
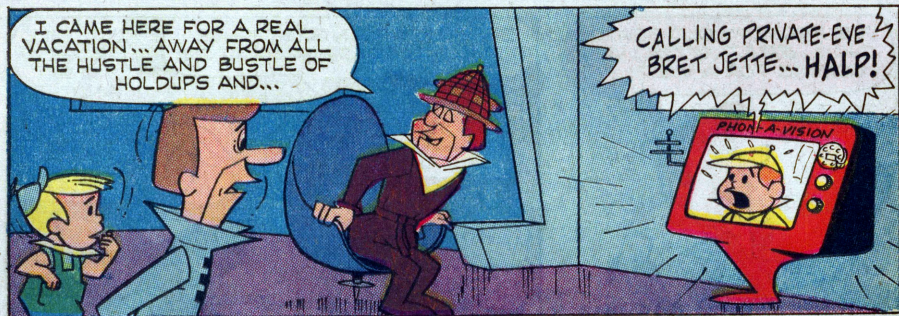
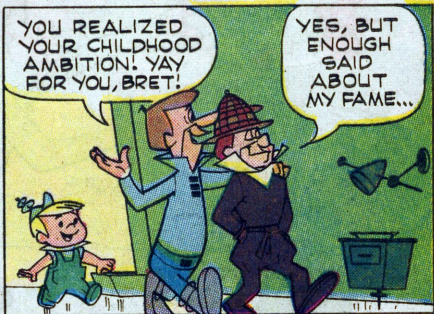
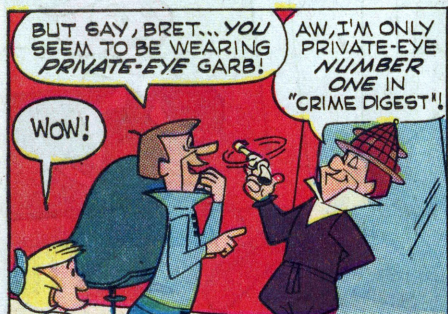


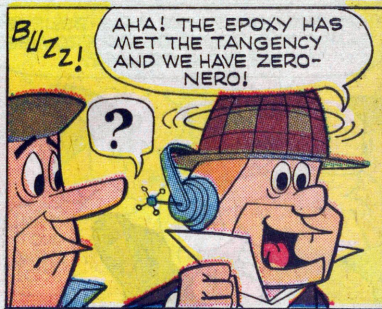
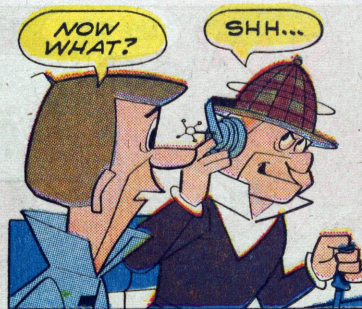
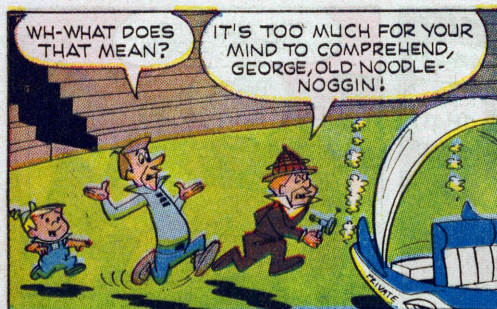
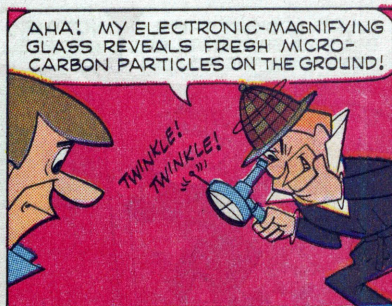
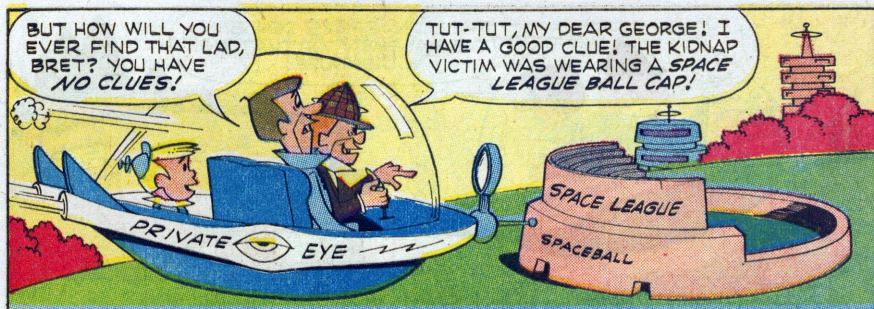
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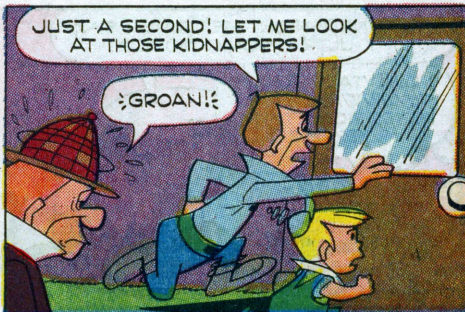
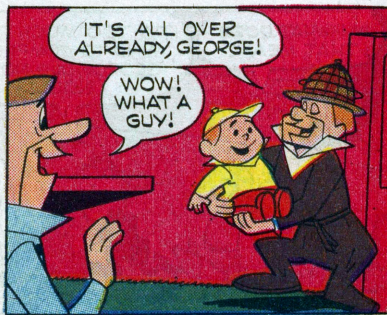
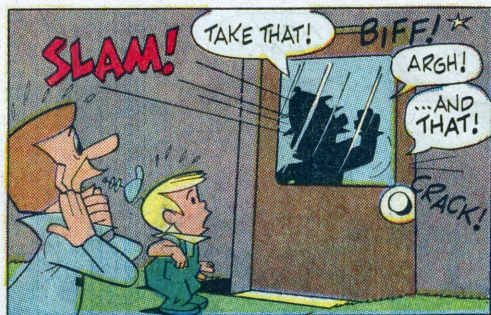
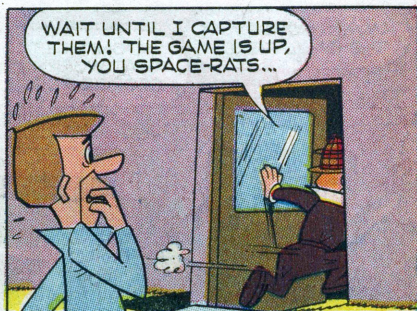
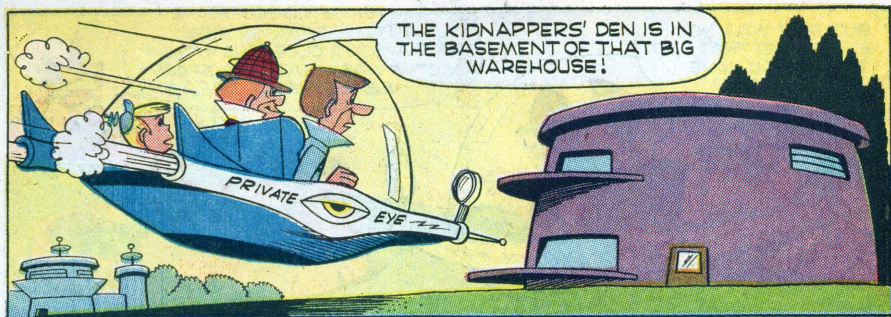
The **JETSONS**

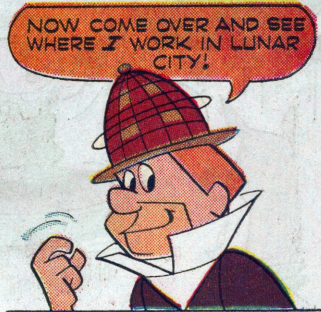
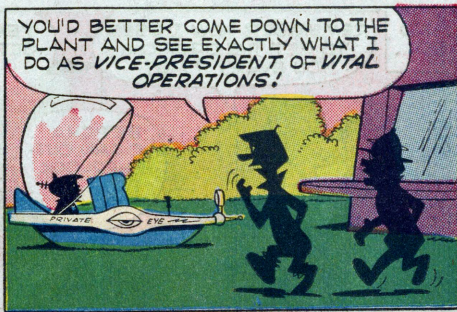
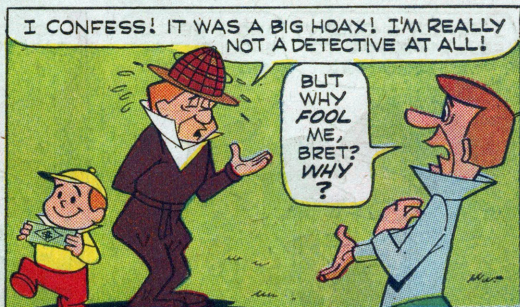
A BIG CASE OF SUPER SLEUTHING

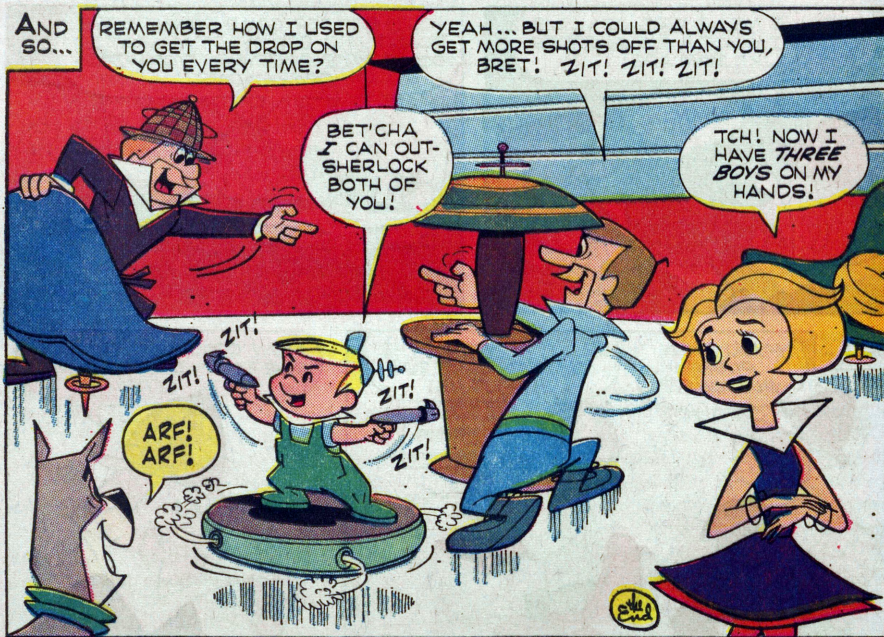
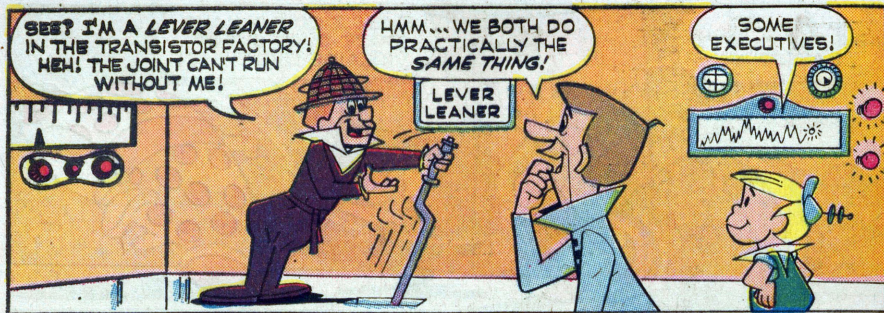












HOSPITABLE HOSTS



"Nobody ever comes to visit us any more," sighed Goonda, gazing out the window. "It's been at least two hundred years since anybody has come to call on us!"

J. Evil Scientist approached his wife. "That is true," he remarked. "And I can't imagine why! I think I am the soul of hospitality! Why should anybody avoid us?"

"I don't know," answered Goonda. "Why if I had any feelings, they'd be hurt!"

"It could be we haven't been hospitable enough!" mused J. Evil. "So, the next time anyone drops in, we'll really show them a good time — display real hospitality!"

J. Evil did not know it, but he was going to get a chance to prove his good intentions real soon; for at that moment a very strange saucer-shaped object drifted from the sky and landed in his front yard. A door slid open and two little green men emerged.

"Careful, Zyxuv!" said one, cautiously. "We are on an exploratory mission just to determine if earthlings are weak enough for us to take over. So, play it cool, man!"

"Roger, and over!" replied Zyxuv. "How'm I doing with this earth talk, Abcra baby? Think I'll pass for an earthling?"

"No doubt about it, but don't overdo the bit, man!" said Abcra.

They went to J. Evil's front door and rang the bell. J. Evil answered the door.

"Pardon the intrusion, dad," said Abcra,

"but we're tired, hungry, and thirsty and would like to know where's the nearest pad where we can cool it a bit, eat, and maybe catch a few hours of Winksville."

"Look no further, friends!" said J. Evil delightedly. "My pad, er, home is yours! Do come in! Come in!"

Zyxuv winked at Abcra. "So far so good!" he whispered. "Earthlings are trusting and weak! We should have no trouble with them!"

"Sit down, friends," J. Evil said, leading the way inside. "Make yourselves comfortable while my wife, Goonda, fixes you a little snack to ease your hunger!"

Abcra and Zyxuv sat down on a couch that J. Evil offered to them. But a moment later they let out a yell and jumped about ten feet in the air!

J. Evil looked puzzled. "Perhaps that nail-studded couch is too comfortable," he said. "Maybe you would prefer to use those two electrified chairs!"

"N-no thanks!" replied Zyxuv. "If you do not mind, we'd just as soon stand!"

Goonda came in, carrying a tray. "Here are some snacks, gentlemen. I think you will like them," she said.

Zyxuv took something off the tray, asking hesitantly, "Wh-what is this?"

"Candied bat wings!" replied Goonda. "My specialty! And you must try the fricassee tarantulas! Delicious, if I do say so."

Zyxuv turned even greener than he was. "Er, no thanks! I've suddenly lost my appetite!" he gulped.

"Me too!" echoed Abcra. "And I just remembered an important appointment we have in outer space. Right, Zyxuv?"

"Roger, and over!" said Zyxuv. "Let's cut out, man!"

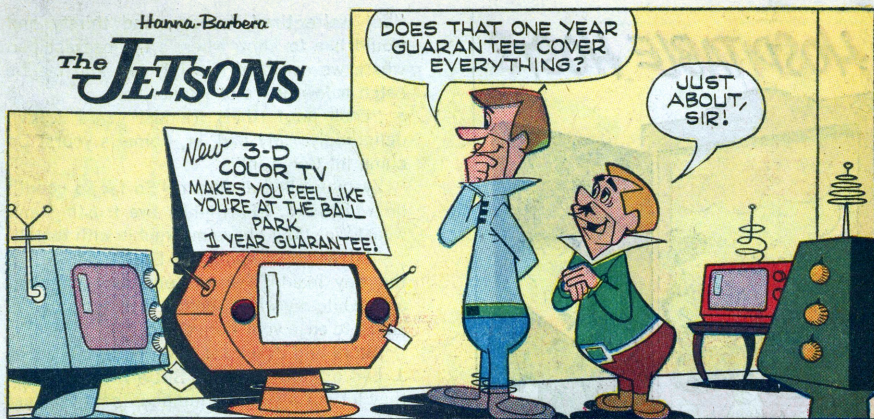
Hurrying to the space ship, Zyxuv said, "I want nothing more to do with earthlings, none of them! They're too far out!"

"You can say that again, Zyxuv baby! You can say that again!" agreed Abcra, as their space ship took off.

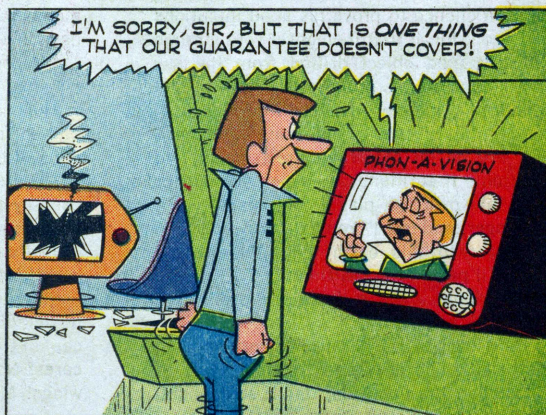
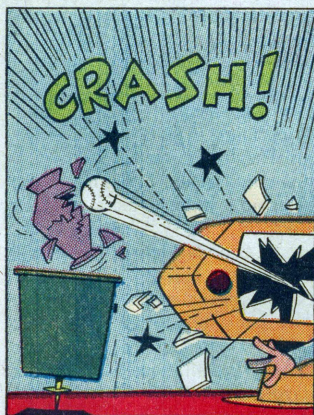
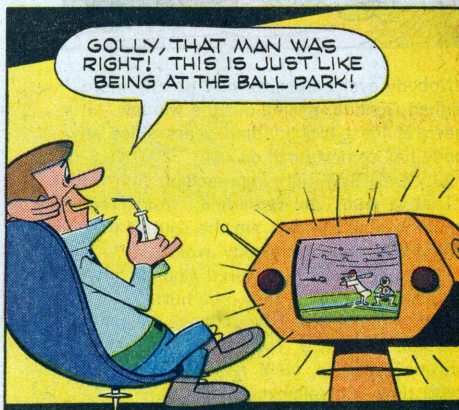
In the house, Goonda sighed, "I wonder why they left in such a hurry?"

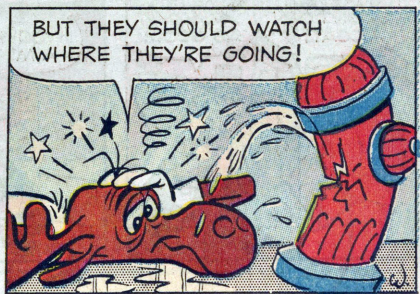
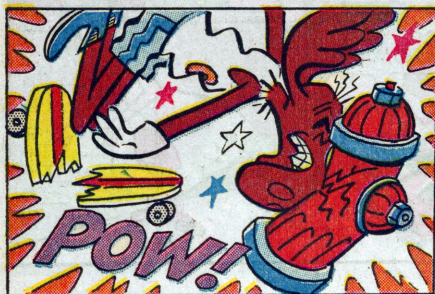
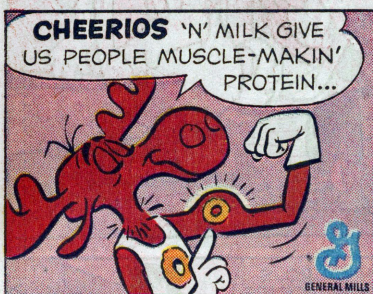
"We probably overwhelmed them with our hospitality — poor creatures! They just couldn't take it!" replied J. Evil. "But who cares? Now I can have all these delicious bat wings! My favorite dish!"

Hanna-Barbera
The JETSONS



LATER, AT HOME...





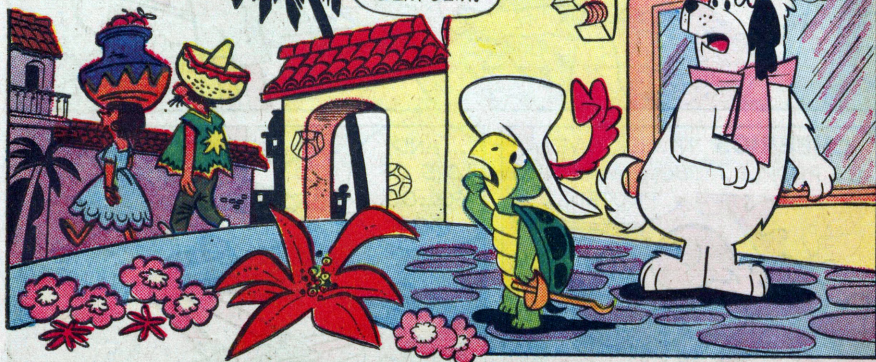
Hanna-Barbera

TOUCHÉ and DUM DUM SOUTH OF THE BORDER BOO-BOO

TOUCHÉ TURTLE AND DUM DUM ARE VACATIONING IN THE SOUTH AMERICAN CITY OF AMAZONA!

TCH-TCH!
CHIVALRY
SEEMS TO
BE DEAD
AROUND
HERE,
DUM DUM!

AW... WHO WOULD KILL
A NICE FANCY WORD
LIKE THAT, TOUCHÉ?



THE MEN DO IT ALL THE
TIME! THEY DON'T ACT
GENTLEMANLY AND
HELP THE LADIES!



LIKE SOME CHIVALROUS
GENT OUGHT TO PLACE HIS
COAT ON THAT PUDDLE
SO THE SEÑORITA CAN
STEP ACROSS ON IT!



WE COULD,
TOUCHÉ, BUT
WE DON'T OWN
A COAT!

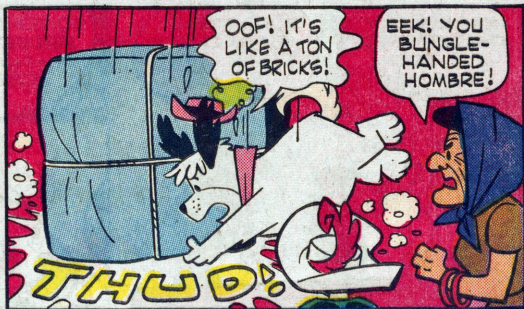
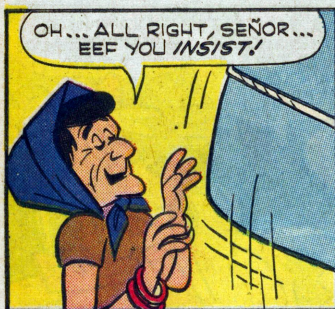
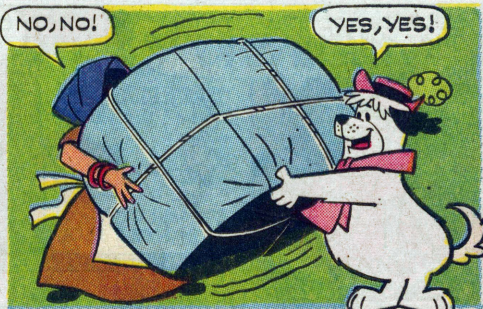
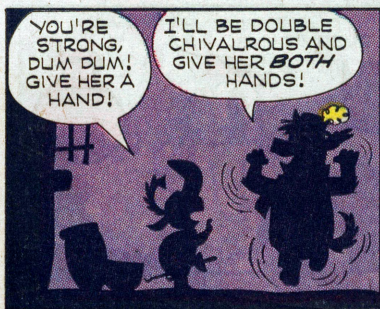
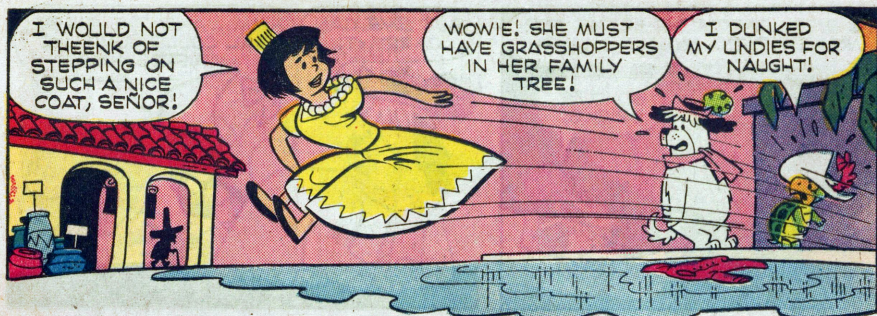
I HAVE
SOMETHING
ALMOST
AS GOOD...

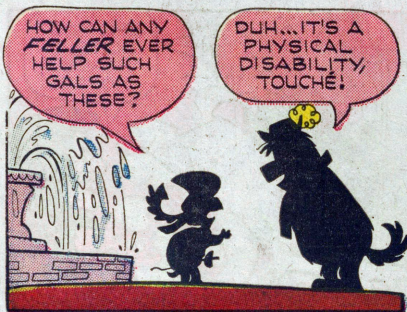
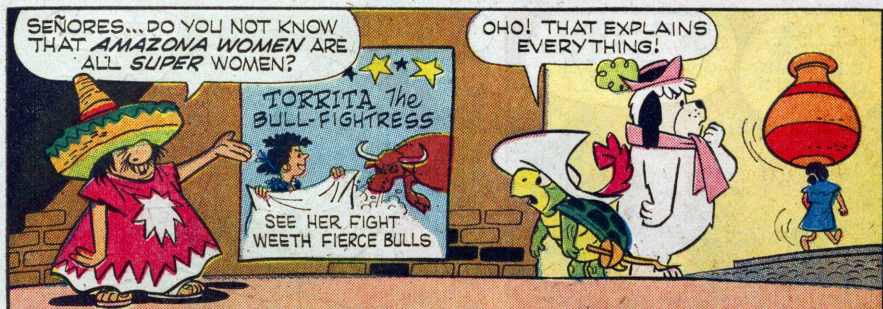
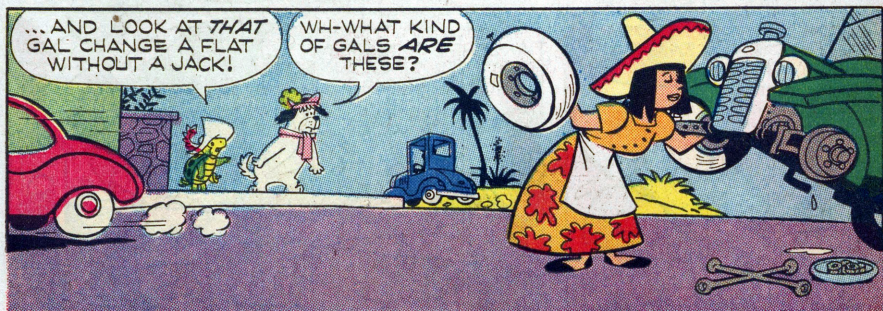
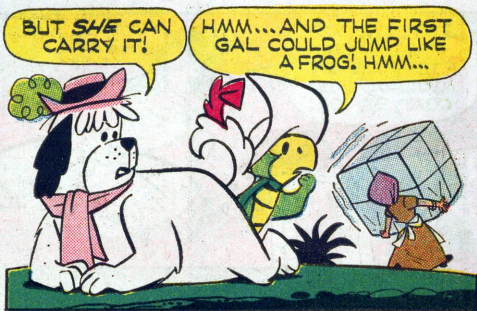
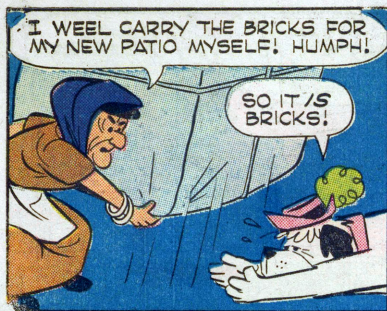


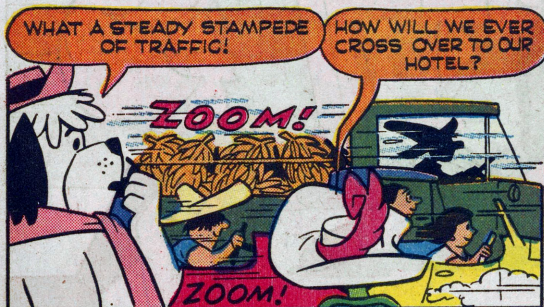
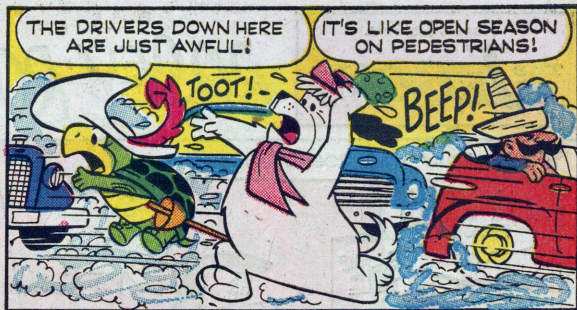
...MY RED LINDIES!

YOO-HOO! WAIT
A MINUTE, MISS!

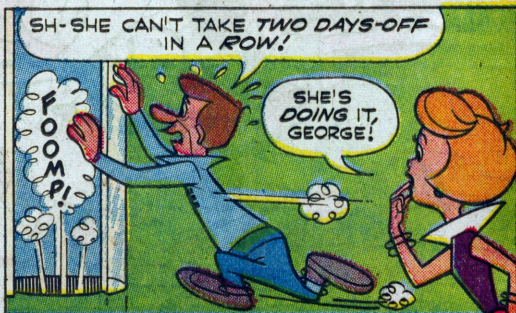
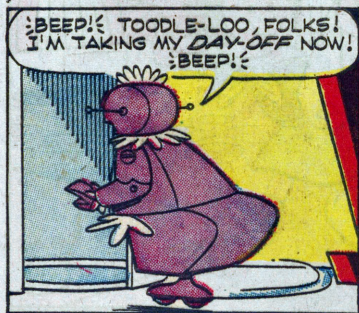
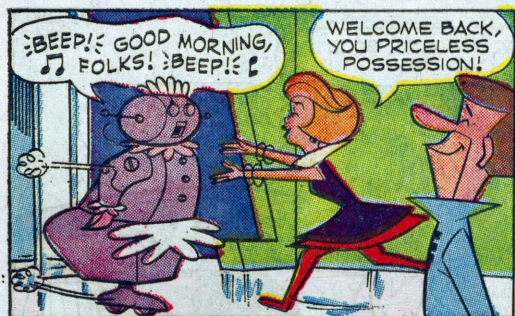
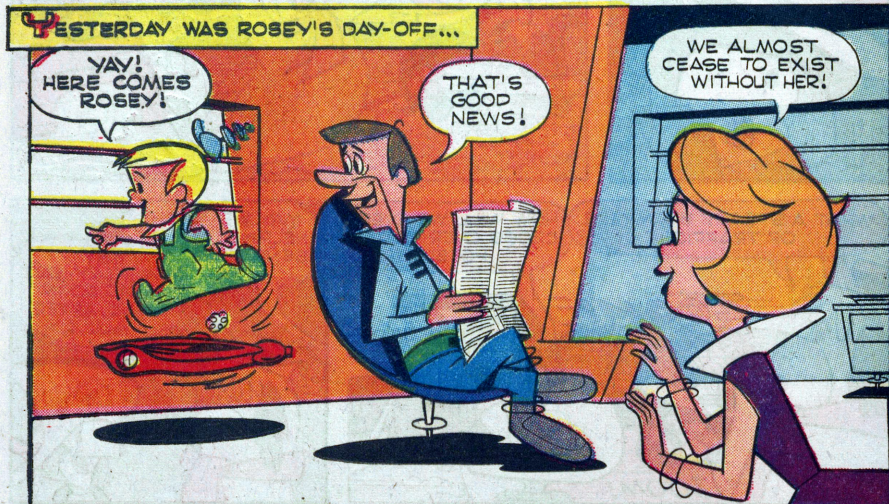


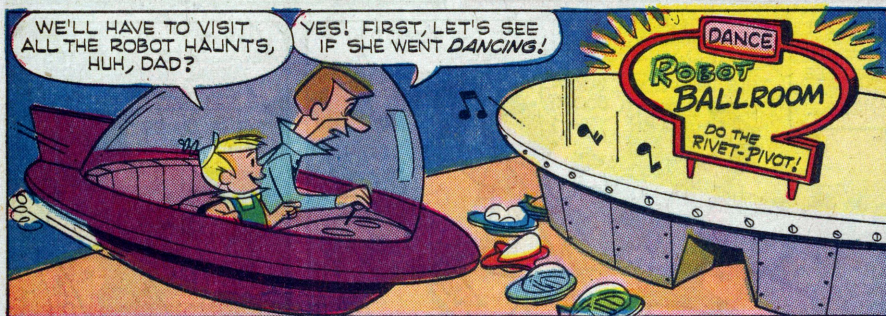
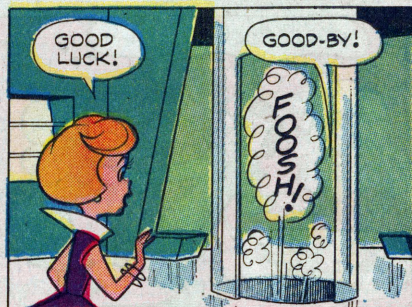
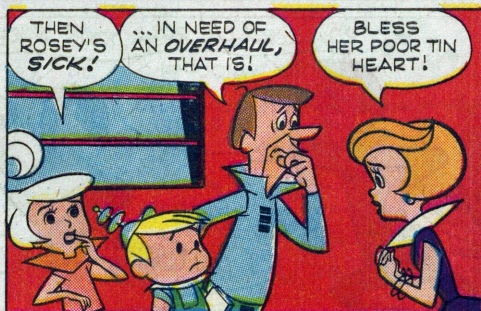
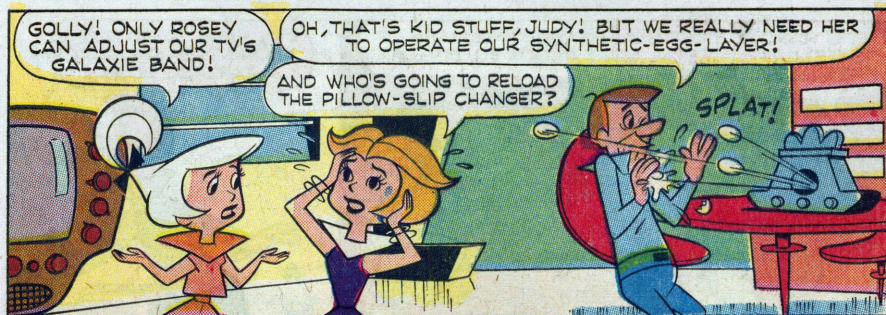


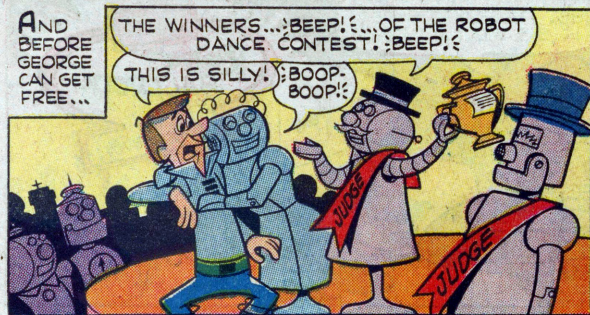
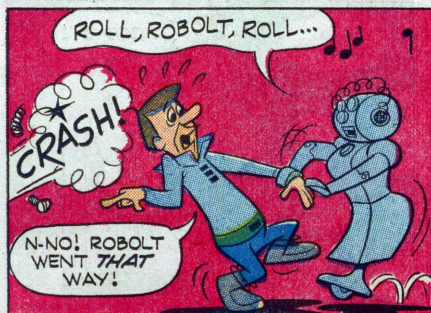
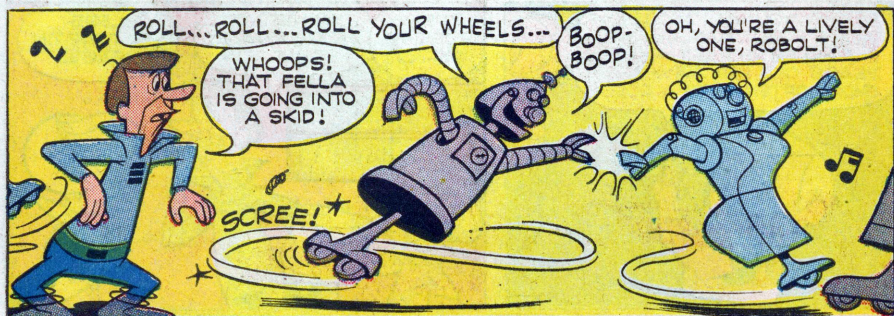


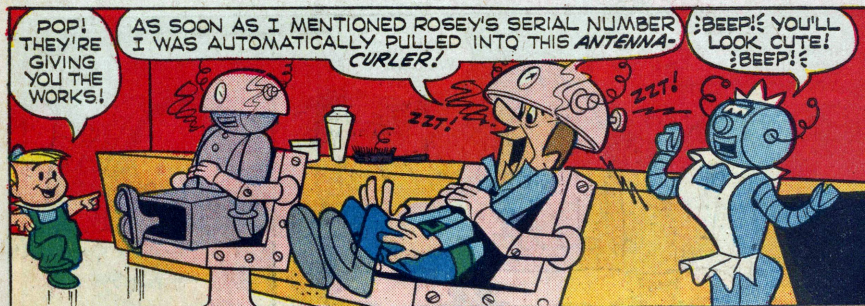
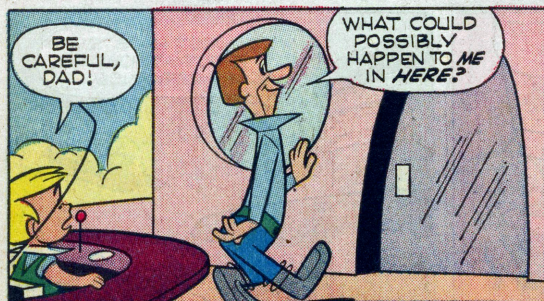
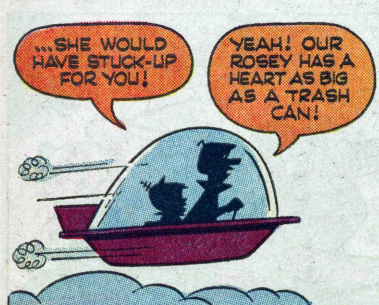


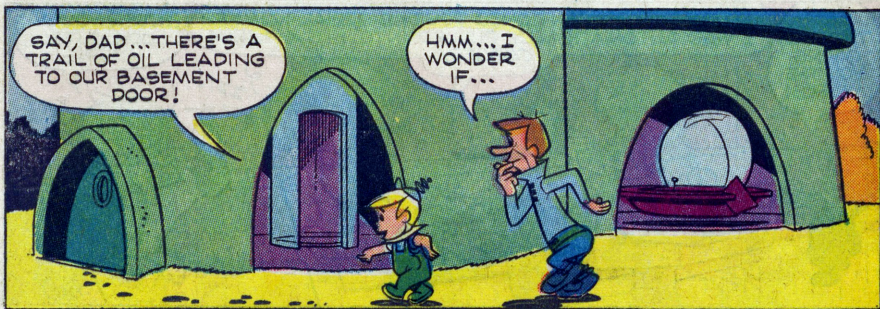
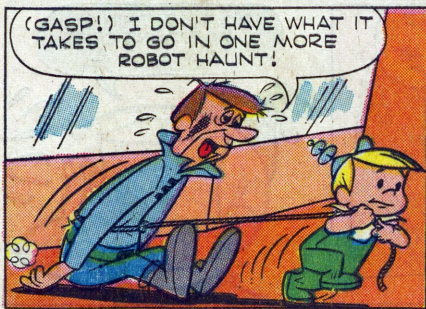
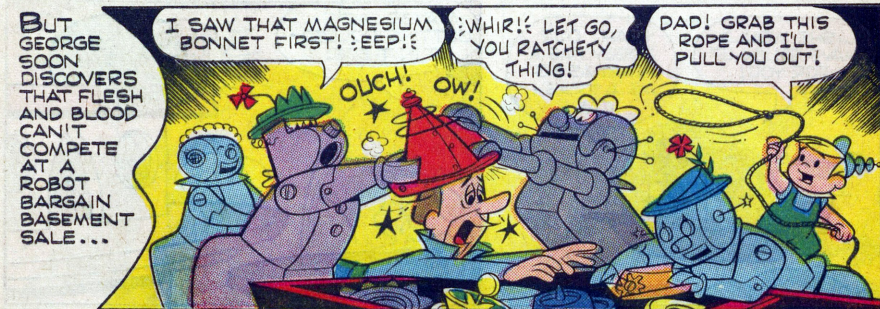
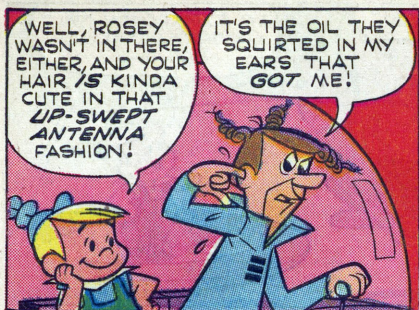
ROSEY ROLLS AGAIN

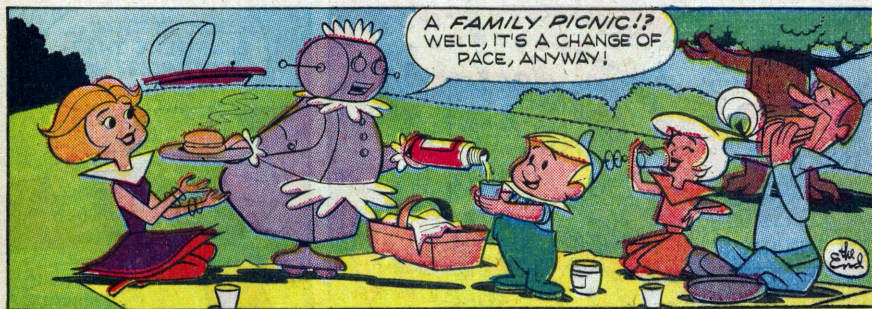
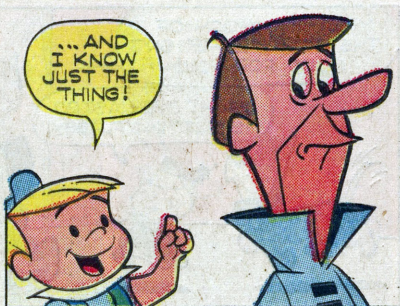
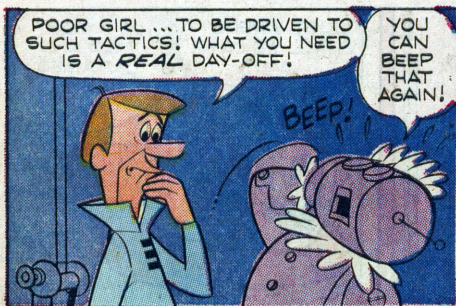
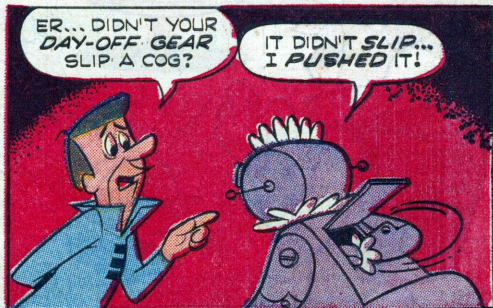
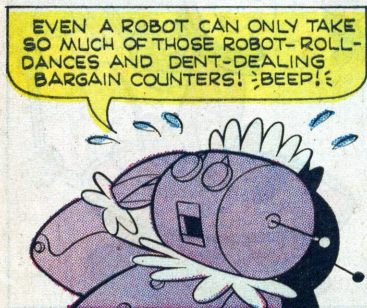
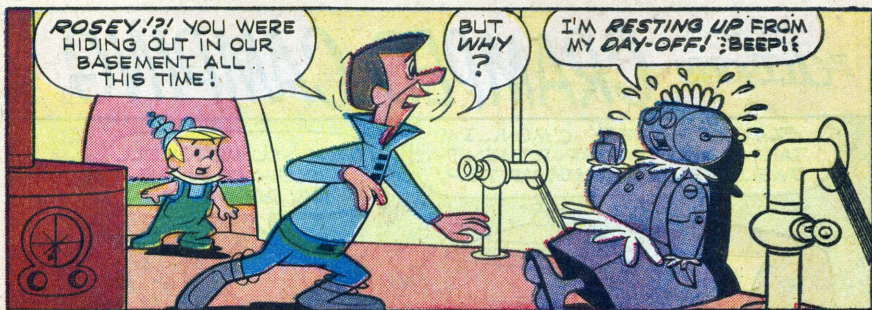




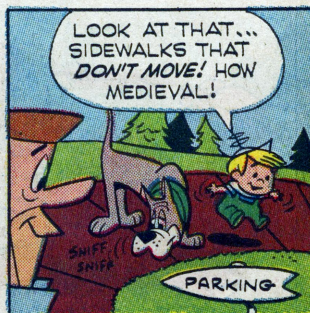
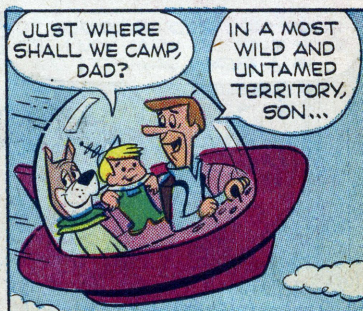
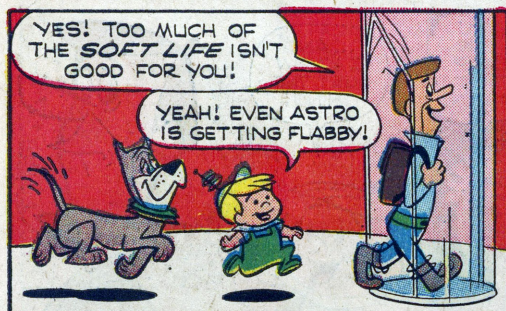
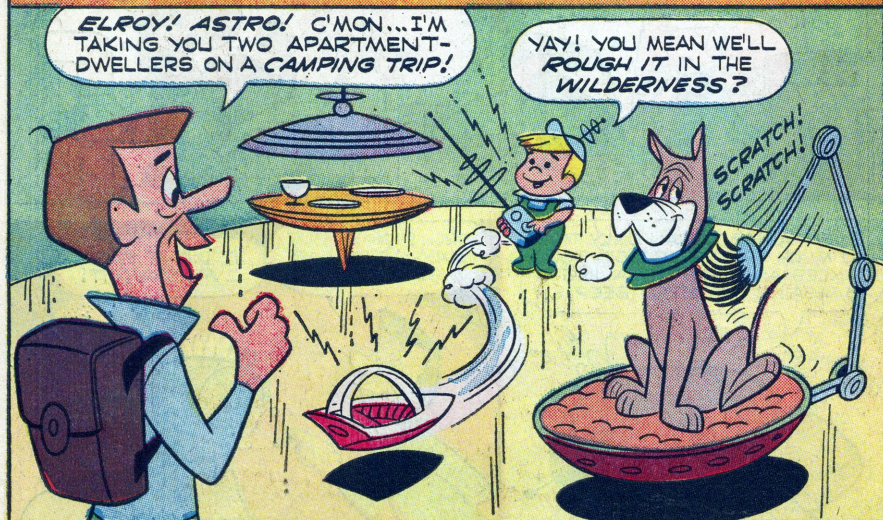


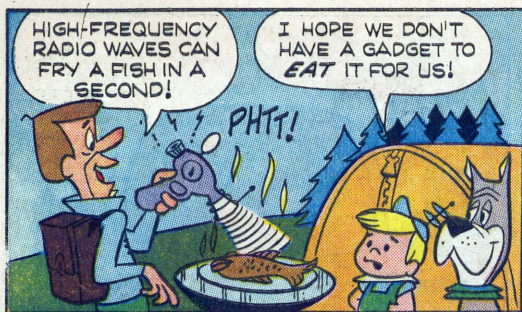




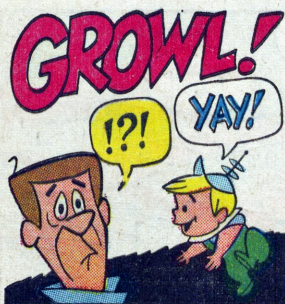


CRAMPED CAMPING

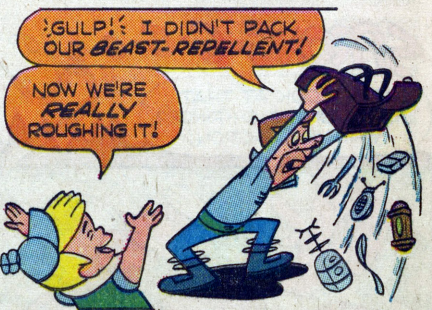


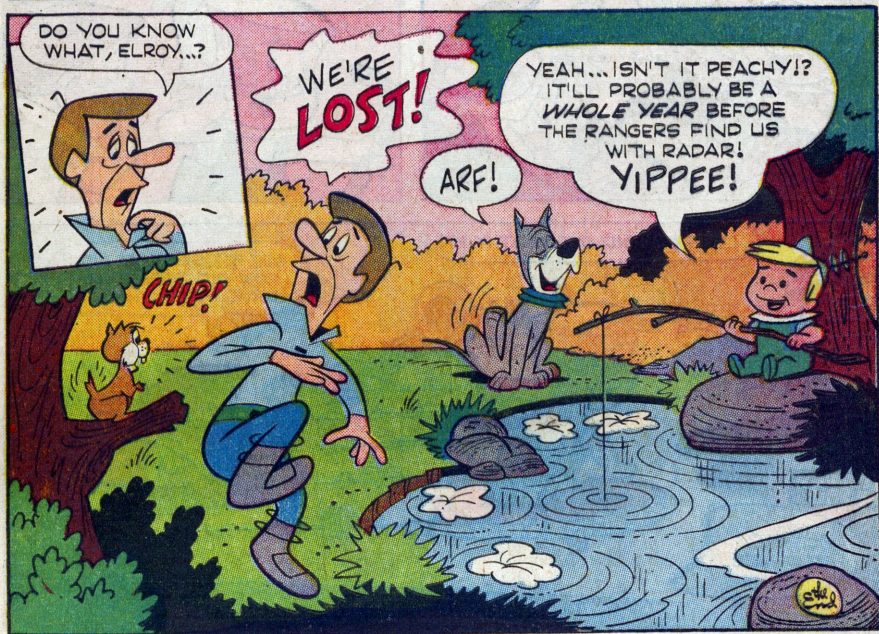
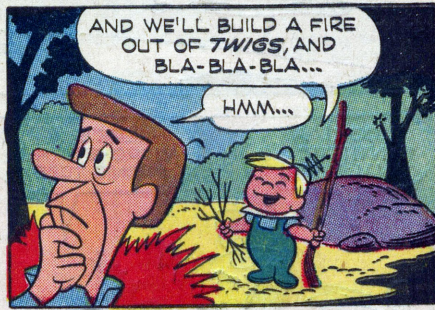


I HOPE WE DON'T HAVE A GADGET TO EAT IT FOR US!



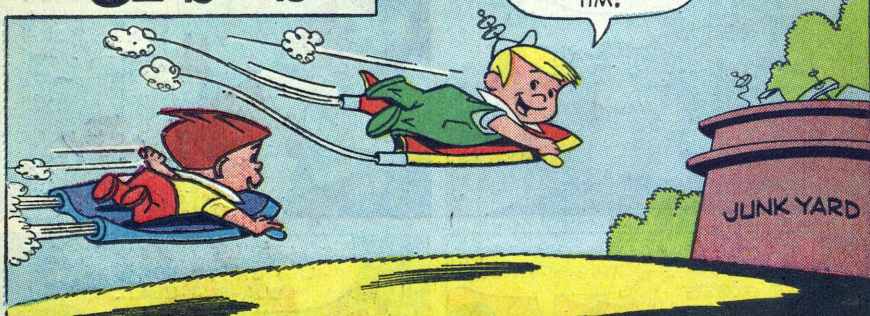
SLURP!





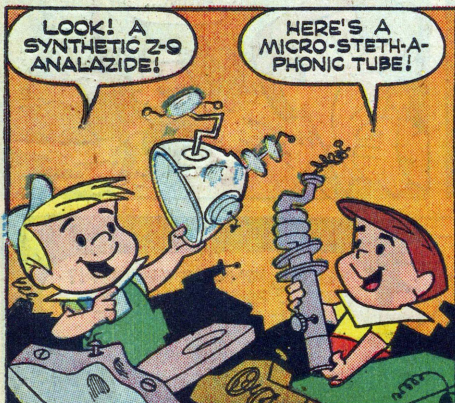
Hanna-Barbera
The JETSONS

LET'S POKE
AROUND IN THE
JUNK YARD,
TIM!



LOOK! A
SYNTHETIC Z-9
ANALAZIDE!

HERE'S A
MICRO-STETH-A-
PHONIC TUBE!



JUMPIN'
JUPITER...
WHAT'S
THIS???

IT LOOKS LIKE
AN OLD
TWENTIETH-
CENTURY TOY!



LET'S GO FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!

GEE THOSE POOR KIDS!
HOW DID THEY EVER
HAVE FUN WITH THAT?

SCIENTIFIC
RESEARCH
CENTER

